The Cairo Bulletin.

JOHN H. OBERLY, PUBLISHER. CAIRO, ILLINOIS, SUNDAY DECEMBER, 29, 1872. DAIL

CAIRO BULLETIN.

OUR CHURCHES.

RESBYTERIAN—Eighth Street.
Preaching, Sabbath at 10½ a.m. and 7½ p.m
Prayer meeting, Wednesday at 7½ p. m.
Sabbath School, 3 p.m. J. M. Lansden, Superintendent. REV. H. THAYER, Pastor

ETHODIST.—Cor. Eighth and Walnut Sts.
Preaching, Sabbath at 10½ a.m., and 7 p. m
Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7½ p.m.
Sabbath School, 3. p.m. L. W. Stillwell, Superintendent. REV. F. L. THOMPSON, Pastor.

HURCH OF THE REDEEMER—(Episcopal.)
Morning prayers, Sabbath 10½ a.m.
Evening prayers, 7½ p.m.
Sabbath School, 9 a.m.
REV. E. COAN, Rector.

T. PATRICK'S CHURCH—Ninth St. and Washington Avenue.
Public service, Sabbath 8:10 and 10½ a.m.
Vespers, 7 p.m.
Sabbath School, 2 p.m.
Service every day, 8 a.m.
REV. P. J. O'HALLORAN, Priest.

T. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.—(German,) corner of Walnut and Cross streets.
Mass, every Sabbath at 10 o'clock a. m.
Vespers, 2 p. m.
Mass during week days, 8 o'clock a. m.
REV. C. HOFFMAN, Priest.

ERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH—13th street between Washington Avenue and Walnut street.
Preaching Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.
Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m. H. C. Thielecke, Superintendent.
REV. ROB'T. HELBIG, Pastor.

OUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—Regular meeting second Monday each month at their room over Rockwell & Co's book store, Commercial avenue.
Weekly Prayer meeting, Friday, 7½ p.m. at the room.
L. W. STILLWELL, President.

ECOND MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.—Corner Sycamore and Forty-first streets. Preaching Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock p. m.
Sunday School 1 o'clock p. m.
The church is connected with the Illinois Association, by the First Missionary Baptist Church of Cairo.
REV. SOLOMON LEONARD, Pastor.

FRICAN METHODIST.—Fourteenth, between Walnut and Cedar.
ervices, Sabbath, 11 a.m.
bath School, 1½ p.m.
ass meets at 3 p.m.

ECOND FREE WILL BAPTIST—Fifteenth Street., between Walnut and Cedar.
Services Sabbath, 11 and 3 p. m.
REV. N. RICKS, Pastor.

REE WILL BAPTIST HOME MISSION SABBATH SCHOOL.—Corner Walnut and Cedar Streets.
Sabbath School, 9 a.m.

IRST FREE WILL BAPTIST CHURCH —Curry's Barracks.
Services, Sabbath 11 a.m., 3 p.m. & 7½ p.m.
REV. WM. KELLEY, Pastor.

IRST MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH. —Cedar, between Ninth and Tenth Sts.
Preaching Sabbath, 10½ a.m. and 7½ p.m.
Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.
Preaching, Friday evening.
Sabbath School, 1½ p.m. John VanBaxter and Mary Stephens, Superintendents.
REV. T. J. SHORES, Pastor.

ECOND BAPTIST CHURCH—Fourteenth Street, between Cedar and Walnut. The only Baptist church recognized by the Association.
Services, Sabbath, 11 a.m. 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.
REV. JACOB BRADLEY, Elder.

SECRET ORDERS.

THE MASONS.
AIRO COMMANDERY, No. 13.—Stated Assembly at the Asylum Masonic Hall, first and third Saturdays in each month.
AIRO COUNCIL, No. 24.—Regular Convocation at Masonic Hall, the second Friday in each month.
AIRO CHAPTER No. 71.—Regular Convocation at Masonic Hall, on the third Tuesday of every month.
AIRO LODGE, No. 237 F. & A. M.—Regular Communications at Masonic Hall, the second and fourth Mondays of each month.
THE ODD-FELLOWS.
ALEXANDER LODGE, 229—Meets in Odd-Fellows' Hall, in Arter's building, every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor—John M. Palmer;
Lieutenant-Governor—John Dougherty;
Secretary of State—Edmund Rummel;
Auditor of State—C. E. Lippincott;
State Treasurer—E. N. Bates;
Supt. Public Instruction—Newton Bateman

CONGRESSMEN.
Senators—Lyman Trumbull and John A. Logan.
Representatives for the State-at-Large—S. L. Beveridge.
Representative Thirteenth District—John M. Crebs.

MEMBERS GENERAL ASSEMBLY.
Senators, First District—T. A. E. Holcomb, of Union, and S. K. Gibson, of Gallatin.
Representative, First District—H. Watson Webb.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

CIRCUIT COURT.
Judge—D. J. Baker, of Alexander.
Prosecuting Attorney—J. F. McCartney, of Massac.
Clerk—R. S. Yocum.
Sheriff—A. H. Irvin.
Wm. Martin—Assessor and Treasurer.
COUNTY COURT.
Judge—F. Bross.
Associates—J. E. McCrite and S. Marchildon.
Clerk—Jacob G. Lynch.
Coroner—John H. Gossman.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

Mayor—John M. Lansden.
Treasurer—R. A. Cunningham.
Comptroller—E. A. Burnett.
Clerk—Michael Howley.
Marshal—Andrew Cain.
Attorney—F. H. Pope.
Police Magistrates—F. Bross and B. Slannessy.
Chief of Police—L. H. Myers.
SELECT COUNCIL.
Mayor—John M. Lansden.
First Ward—P. G. Schuh.
Second Ward—C. R. Woodward.
Third Ward—Jno. Wood.
Fourth Ward—S. Staats Taylor.
City-at-Large—W. P. Halliday and D. Hurd.
BOARD OF ALDERMEN.
First Ward—James Rearden, A. B. Safford, Isaac Walder.
Second Ward—R. H. Cunningham, E. Buder, Q. Stancel, James Swayne.
Third Ward—Wm. Stratton, J. B. Phillis.
Fourth Ward—Jno. H. Robinson, G. H. Sease, J. H. Metcalf.

SELECTED STORY.

NORMAN'S RETURN.

A STORY OF YULE.

While the massive yule logs are roaring up the great chimneys of Elliston Manor, while faces flush in the softly-heated atmosphere, and ladies in the intervals of quadrilles or galops ply their fans as if it was a July night, the wind is sending Arctic blasts through the valleys and ravines of the hills among which the manor lies. There is a road across these hills from the town of Stamford, distant five or six miles, but upon this Christmas eve it would require keen eyes and unerring footsteps in man or beast to keep within its path; for not only does the snow lie several feet deep, but the wind has piled many a high drift in which the hapless wayfarer might flounder and go down, hopelessly benumbed. Help from man there would be none, for the isolated houses along the road are mostly country seats, wrapped in their own dignity and only approached by long lanes and avenues; besides which, there are none of them so churlish or so sorrowful that they do not keep high festival on this night, and the ears of those who sit by glowing fires and pledge the great feast in liquors spiced and mulled after old-time recipes are not likely to hear any wild cry for aid, even though it be sent up at their very doors.

Yet, despite these facts, a man is plodding along this road through the bitter cold of the night without precedent in the memory of a generation—a young man, well built and agile of movement, but not by any means clad for such an expedition as the present. His clothes are well worn, and there is something foreign, something suggestive of milder skies, about them. He has no overcoat, but, instead, wears, curiously wrapped about him, a blanket such as Texan and Mexican hunters carry on their saddles. It is a most inefficient protection from the fierce blasts which come to meet him and deter him from the dangers of the winding road among the desolate hills. But he has a stout heart, and he keeps steadily on, whelmed now and then in a snow-drift, but bravely struggling through, and plodding forward with dogged resolution, conscious that to pause even for a minute is certain death.

It is slow work, however—terrible work, in fact; and after a time flesh and blood give way. When something more than half the distance between Stamford and the manor has been wearily accomplished, the pedestrian, whose active steps have gradually grown more and more lagging, sinks down in utter exhaustion upon the trunk of a fallen tree by the roadside. He is numbed with cold until he has lost sensation—lost utterly the aching, painful consciousness of being cold; his limbs refuse to move, his mind feels dull and drowsy; and as he sits there, fallen together in a heap, he is lapsing fast into an unconsciousness which can know no awakening. But just then a blast of almost terrific power sweeps by, uttering a weird, unearthly sound between a moan and a howl, and in the effort, to brace himself against it the wayfarer wakes to a sense of the fatal peril which besets him. Instinctively his numb hand goes to his chest and after a time slowly draws forth a flask. It has given him strength and warmth several times before during his painful pilgrimage, but now he drains it to the last drop. Even the fiery cognac with which it was filled scarcely enables him to do more than rise slowly and stiffly to his feet. He does rise, however, and moves on, murmuring half broken words as he does so.

"Not so near" he said—"not so near! It would be hard to have toiled all the way back, penniless and footsore, only to die within a mile of her! So that I keep alive until I have seen her, it does not much matter what comes afterward. My Isabel! my brave, lovely darling! Shall I ever forget how she looked that Christmas eve when she bade me good-bye and 'Godspeed' three years ago? It has been a poor speed toward fortune I have made, but it will scarcely matter that I come back without a shilling—bankrupt in everything but hope—if Isabel only looks at me with the same sweet, wistful eyes. Ay, howl away!" as the blast swept by again; "the thought of her is better to warm me than all the brandy ever made in France."

Yet it is scarcely likely that even the thought of Isabel Elliston's lustrous eyes would have kept him afoot without the aid of the stimulant during the long hour which yet elapsed before he turned from the high road into a familiar gate and found himself within the grounds of the manor. Up the avenue he plodded, heavily and wearily, well nigh spent and frozen, until the lights from the house gleamed before him, shining out with bounteous cheer on the bitter night. For a moment the wanderer's heart leaped up as if it had been indeed his own roof-tree to which he returned, but the next moment a forlorn and terrible sense of his condition came to his benumbed senses. From the great hall, where the fires roared and the wreaths of holly and mistletoe gleamed, he heard the sound of music and the tread of dancing feet through the broad windows, pouring floods of light over the snow-covered lawn, he could see forms passing and repassing, fair, silken-clad ladies and graceful, well-dressed men. It seemed to him like a strange, fantastic glimpse of his former life. He felt almost bewildered. Which was real, that awful existence which he had quitted so lately, that hand-to-hand struggle with pestilence, famine, the treachery of men and the cruelty of fate, or this life of bright gayety and luxurious ease at which he gazed with a vague wonder that men still laughed and

And this dread conquered even the strong animal craving for warmth and food and rest. If he had seen Isabel it might have been different; but although he looked for her eagerly, she was not to be seen. Almost every other member of the family came now and then across his range of vision. His former guardian passed the window, Mrs. Elliston's graceful figure was framed for a minute in the vista of an opening door, Georgiana Elliston was flirting on a divan scarcely ten paces from where he stood, and his old companion, Frank Elliston, was amusing a group of girls at the piano. But Isabel, fair, graceful, stately Isabel, did not come within the range of those passionate eyes. So, at last, he wearily turned from all the mocking brightness and comfort. "I have no place in such a scene as that," he thought. "I shall go to the rear, make one of the servants quietly let me in, and tell Isabel I am here. If she is sad and anxious about me, if she is thinking too much of that Christmas eve three years ago, I may bring her comfort, though I bring her little else."

Turning from the window, thereof, he went his way around the wings toward the domestic offices. Before reaching them, however, he was obliged to pass the conservatory, the crystal walls of which rose like a fairy palace in the clear starlight and snow-light of the wondrous winter night. At sight of it a thought came to the nearly frozen man. Why not enter there? Warmth must necessarily meet him on the threshold—the warmth for which he was perishing; he would be secure from observation, and perhaps he might be able to see Isabel sooner than by any other means. It was a tempting idea, and one which he proceeded at once to excute. Going to the door, his numb fingers managed to find the bolt and slip it back. The glass panel swung readily in, and oh the sudden sense of tingling ecstasy in the soft, warm air which rushed forth! He entered, closing the door behind him, and then was fain to stagger forward and sink down. The warmth of the scented air seemed to envelop him, the tingling in every limb increased to positive pain, and then, as the stiffness of cold began to relax a little, a drowsiness deeper and more uncontrollable than that which had beset him on the snow-covered road began to steal over him. Seated on one flower-stand, with his head pillowed on another, and wrapped in a dreamy trance, he might have fallen asleep if a sudden, sharp sound, the raising of a window just over the shrubs which sheltered him, had not roused him to full consciousness.

The next moment he started eagerly, for it was her voice, whose every cadence he knew so well, which was speaking above him.

"This air is even warmer than the fire," she said, "but ah! how sweet!"

Then, as he who had come so far and suffered so much to see her, strove to raise himself with the word "Isabel!" trembling on his lips, he heard other tones break on the soft stillness.

"Isabel," said Langdon, who had followed her to the window, "you cannot think that I will be satisfied to leave you like this. I might be resigned to go away from you, and never look in your sweet eyes again, if I thought you sent me away because you loved another man. But oh, Isabel, can I go, can I leave you, when you tell me that you are engaged to a man whom you do not love?"

"A man whom you do not love!" It is doubtful whether the trumpet of the archangel could have sounded more terrible in the startled ears of that man this short sentence—this sentence which he had come from South America to hear. His hand went unconsciously to his heart, clutching as if it would clutch away the dart which had transfixed it. He felt for one horrible moment as if the words had paralyzed him, then a sudden gleam of comfort came. It was another who spoke, not Isabel. She will speak now—she will vindicate her love and faith. And she speaks.

"You must not talk to me like this," she says, proudly. "I cannot listen to you. And you are mistaken: I *do* love Norman. If it is not as he should be loved, if I have suffered myself sometimes to forget all that I owe to him, I think that even he might forgive me if he knew how firmly I am resolved to keep my faith in deed, though I have not kept it in thought as he deserved that it should be kept."

He who was listening bowed his head down in his hands. In the girls pathetic voice the weary struggle of many days seemed finding utterance. Unconsciously she laid her whole heart bare before him, while knocking at his heart came the dreary question, Was it for *this* he had returned—for this? Isabel was thinking only of the sore conflict which was testing her strength; Langdon, that she had never seemed to him so well worth winning as when she stood before him asserting her resolve to keep her faith; while he who had braved a thousand dangers and privations to reach this haven sat below them stunned to motionless silence.

"I have told you before that this is a morbid sense of honor," Langdon said, after a minute; "I tell you now that it is more than that. I assert that you have no more right to sacrifice your happiness in this way than you have to commit suicide. It is suicide, Isabel—suicide to all that is best in you; and you know it as well as I do. There is nothing which should bind you like this to a selfish, visionary adventurer."

Hush!" said Isabel, quickly. "I have told you before that, whatever else I may be, I am not so lost to all sense of gratitude as to let any one speak ill of Norman Denison in my presence."

"And I believe I asked you then," Langdon answered, "what there was the scornful, incisive question was asked. It seemed many minutes to the man crouching below—the man whose very heart seemed to stand still, the man waiting, hoping, dreading, yet desiring, the answer which might come. And after a minute it came.

"Yes, you asked me that before," she said, a little coldly. "I did not answer you then, because to do so involves a story which is not all my own. And if I answer you now, it is not because I recognize any right which you possess to ask the question, but simply and solely for Norman's sake."

"Then do not answer me at all," said Langdon, impetuously. "I had rather you denied me any and every right, than granted even the least for his sake."

She lifted her head haughtily, arching her slender throat with a grace that fascinated even while it vexed him.

"Still, I must inflict the story upon you, and I hope you will not refuse to hear it," she said. "As Norman Denison's friend, I cannot forget that you have more than once spoken of him as a selfish, visionary adventurer. Listen now, and learn how he became so."

Proudly as she had spoken, she paused a moment just here, and the man beneath her—the man who had gradually sank to a strange, bent attitude on his knees—glanced up through the foliage and clasped his hands as if he would have prayed her to stop. He even tried to articulate her name, but before he could utter a single hoarse sound she was speaking again.

"It is a strange, sad story to tell you," she said, hurriedly, "but I think that you can be trusted; and even if it were not so, Norman's name must be vindicated at any cost. You have heard that he was papa's ward, have you not? Yes. I think you said so. Well, he was very wealthy—that is, his father, who died when he was a mere child, was very wealthy; and as Norman grew up, everybody thought he would inherit a large estate at his majority. He was always in love with me, poor fellow! but I suppose I lived too familiarly with him all my life to fall in love with him, although papa seemed very anxious that I should do so as I grew toward womanhood. I felt the same affections for him which I feel for Frank, and so it might always have been if there had not come a terrible discovery. It"—speaking a little hoarsely and with difficulty—"it was this: when Norman reached his majority, his fortune was gone. He said that he was sure papa never meant to be dishonest—that it had been squandered in bad investments and things of that kind; but all the same he could have recovered it—in part at least. He could have ruined and beggared the whole of us. But he had the most generous and unselfish heart that ever beat. He told papa he had nothing to fear from him—that he could never forget the kind care that had been given him and the happy days he had spent under the manor roof. 'I am young, and I can work,' he said. 'After all, it is better for a man to be forced to strike out for himself.' And lest you should think, perhaps, that he did all this for my sake, I must tell you that I knew so little what a heart was offered me that I had rejected him but a few days before the truth came to light. After it was known, he went away and accepted a business position in the city. There he stayed for eighteen months, writing occasionally, but never coming back until he came Christmas eve three years ago to say that he was going with a party of colonists to South America. He had great expectations of fortune, and he asked me once more if I could give him no hope to take along. Then it was that I engaged myself to him, loving him as I had loved him all my life, honoring him as I had never honored any one else and grateful with a gratitude which made me wild to prove it by any means. It was a poor means which I took, perhaps, but it was I had had and I gave it freely. I have never regretted it—I never shall regret it. And now," clasping her hands and lifting her eyes to the pale face beside her—"now that you know all, I am sure that you will heed me when I ask you never again to speak to me as you have spoken to-night. Is is not just to him, and you see what he is and what he has done for me and mine."

"I see," said Langdon, hoarsely, "that he has bound you by the strongest tie that can bind a generous nature—that of sacrifice. But oh, Isabel, am I nothing? You have not—you cannot—say that you love him. Is there no hope that I can ever do anything to prove my love?

"Yes," said Isabel, eagerly; "you can do what I asked you a second ago—you must never speak to me like that again. Oh, Maurice"—and her whole soul seemed going out to him—"be generous; do not try me beyond my strength!"

She told everything in that pleading cry; and there are many men who would have pressed on all the hotlier for such a vantage-point surrendered. But although he was a man of the world, Maurice Langdon was not exactly formed of common clay. He never did a more unselfish thing in his life, and rarely a more graceful one, than when he suddenly bent down and laid his lips on Isabel Elliston's clasped hands.

"I pledge my faith that I will never again utter a word which you do not wish to hear," he said. "Since you desire it, I will prove to you that in the thing which is dearest to me on earth, I too know how to make a sacrifice."

She murmured broken thanks, and then, as a rush of gay voices came into the room, she added, hurriedly, "I must go. I cannot face these people. Good-night."

"Stay," he said, detaining her. "Do you not hear twelve o'clock strik-

the background of light, there were passionate hungry eyes, of which she wist little, taking their last look at her fair beauty through the glistening foliage below.

"Twelve o'clock," said Langdon, as the last stroke died away, and then he held out his hand. "Merry Christmas!" he said, with an accent far more sad than gay.

But Isabel shook her head.

"Let us rather say, 'Happy Christmas!'" she answered, gently. "Merriment is for the fortunate and the gay, but happiness is for all who strive to do their duty as it is placed before them. Let us rejoice in Him who came to-night, but let us also remember that He came to suffer and die for others."

Then she bowed her head, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," she passed, like a fair vision, out of sight.

But her words stayed behind her. In the drawing-room they were singing a Christmas carol, and the chorus floated into the fragrant stillness of the conservatory, but the glad tones of rejoicing did not stir the sad heart there as the simple words, "He came to suffer and die for others," had done. In this moment of utter, desolation, the strange, awful sweetness of suffering and of sacrifice—that keystone in the Christmas arch of triumph—seemed to come home to this stricken soul, so mercilessly shut from all the tender lights of love and home, which he had come so far, toiled so wearily, to reach. His heart seemed rushing forth in a great agony of voiceless anguish. He clasped his hands; and looking up through the glass roof to the glittering winter heaven, he said farewell, and yet again farewell, to all the brightness and sweetness of life. For this he had escaped the deadly fever of the jungle; for this he had worked his way from port to port across the seas for this he had defied winding snow and icy blasts to keep him from her side—for this! Then a wild defiance rose up in him, a wild desire to revenge himself, as he well could, upon those who had wronged and ruined him. But it was a devil's thought, which did not tarry long. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," sang a voice in his ear, like unto that sweet voice which he should never hear again. Then he bowed his face into his hands. "Lord, it is not for such as I to hope to see thy glory," he cried, "but give, oh give me thy peace!"

And peace came. Not at once—not till the flesh was worn to utter exhaustion by the strong conflict of spirit—but after a time, in the stillness of the wondrous Christmas night, a sense of divine calm came to him. And then it was that he desired to rise at once and go forth, leaving no human being the wiser, for his presence; but he was weary and footsore, and he felt that every overtaxed fibre demanded rest. So he made a pillow of his blanket and stretched himself on the floor (he had known many a worse resting-place during these three years) for a brief sleep. With the dawn he would go, he thought. No one should ever know that he had been there; he would write and tell Isabel that fortune had failed, and with fortune all hope to call her his.

But the dawn of Christmas morning found the tired body for ever at rest, and the brave spirit far away beyond those gleaming lights of heaven at which he had gazed through the mists of passion and suffering so short a time before. The flowers bent over him with kindly, pitying sweetness, while the soft, subtle, deadly heat exhaled from the braziers, whose existence he had forgotten, did its work quickly and mercifully. When they found him in the bright sunlight of Christmas day, he seemed to have passed from the unconsciousness of sleep to the deeper unconsciousness of death without one distorting pang. And it was impossible for those who loved him to look on the pale, serene face without feeling—ay, without seeing—that he had found not only the peace, but the glory of God.—[From Deo Lewis' Today.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUPERHEATED WATER.

Water in its ordinary state holds in solution a considerable quantity of atmospheric air, which, it is now well known, exercises an influence on the process of evaporation. This air may be expelled by boiling the water, or more perfectly by freezing. In passing from the liquid to a solid state the air is more effectually expelled than is possible by even long-continued ebullition. If water from which air has been thus expelled be heated, steam seems to be retained in place of the air and to be held by the attraction of the water with a force which can only be overcome by a considerable expansive effort of the steam.

Professor Tyndall demonstrates this by a very simple and very beautiful experiment:

A quantity of ice is placed in a receptacle suitable for heating, and oil enough poured in to submerge the ice. The receptacle is then heated, the ice melts, the water formed is constantly covered by the oil floating upon the surface, and, being thus protected from the atmosphere, can receive no air whatever. A bell-shaped glass cover is placed over the receptacle to prevent the oil from being unpleasantly scattered about by the action which follows, and the water is heated until it boils. But instead of boiling, as water ordinarily does—the steam rising continously in bubbles from the heated bottom to the surface—the water from which the air has been expelled retains the steam until the heat and consequent tension is sufficient to overcome the attraction of the water. When this that in a similar receptacle water from which the air has not been expelled, covered with oil in the same manner as the preceding, boils tranquilly as usual. In the latter vessel conversion into steam commences at 212 deg., which corresponds to the temperature of steam at a pressuse of 15 lbs. per square inch; while in the former, in addition to the atmospheric pressure, the attractive force of the water holds the steam compressed until an explosion relieves it; the water settles back and remains quiet until the tension is again produced, and so on the water being converted into steam in a series of explosions.

In an ordinary boiler, and under ordinary conditions, the temperature of the water and of the steam over it is always accompanied by a certain pressure; but as steam, when removed from contact with water, may be heated to a temperature indefinitely above that corresponding to its pressure, so water in the condition which we have described, being heated considerably above the temperature corresponding to the pressure of the steam over it, may be properly called superheated.

To what extent this superheating of water may be connected with boiler explosions is somewhat problematical; but it is evident that, if water from which air has been expelled may be many degress superheated, the steam contained in the water in place of the expelled air being at a much higher temperature and pressure than the steam above the water, the pressure and water gauge are not always reliable indicators of the condition of the water in the boiler.—[American Artizan.

GAMBLERS OF CALIFORNIA OF LONG AGO.

The following is an extract from a New York 'Tribune' report of a lecture by Bret Hart:

Mr. Harte sketched the San Francisco of 1852 in winter time, when flour was worth $50 a barrel, and a glimpse of a woman's face was one of the comforts for which the hardy adventurer sighed. The gambling-saloon was next described as the central point of interest in the history of the Argonauts. It was approached by no mysterious passage or guarded entrance, and frequently opened upon the street, with every invitation of gilding, lights and music. And yet these are the quietest halls in San Francisco; there is no drunkenness, no quarreling, scarcely any exultation or disappointment. Business men who have gambled all day in other enterprises, find nothing here to unduly excite them, and in the intervals of music a beautiful calm pervades the room. People move around noiselessly from table to table as if fortune were nervous as well as fickle. A cane falling upon the floor causes every one to look up, and a loud laugh excites indignation. There was a Western man, who having made a few thousands in the mines, came to San Francisco to take a steamer home. On the night before he was to sail, he entered the Argo saloon, seated himself at the table in sheer listlessness, and staked $20 and won. He won again. In two hours he won a fortune. An hour later he rose from the table a ruined man. The steamer sailed without him. He was a simple man, knowing little of the world, and the sudden winning and losing of a fortune crazed him. He went again to his work, and and regularly took his seat at the table and spent the earnings which he had saved. So a year passed. If he had forgotten a waiting wife, she had not forgotten him, and one evening she landed, with her child, upon the pier at San Francisco, penniless and alone. She told her story to John Oakhurst, who quietly provided for her wants. Two or three evenings after the Western man won some trifle, and then gained other plays in succession, and it really seemed as though fortune had come again. John Oakhurst saw his joy and said: "I will give you $3,000 for your next deal." He hesitated. "Your wife is at the door; will you take it?" The man accepted; but the spirit of the gambler was strong within him, and, as Mr. Oakhurst fully expected he wanted to see the result of the play. Well John Oakhurst lost, and, with a look of gratitude, the man turned aghast, seized the money, and hurried away as if he feared that he might still be enchanted by the spell which bound him. "That was a bad spirit of yourn, Jack," said his friend. "Yes," said Jack, "but I got so tired of seeing that fellow round. It was a put-up game between the dealer and me. It is the first time," he added, with an oath which I think the recording angel placed to his credit, "it is the first time I ever played a game that was not on the square." [Applause.]

FORREST AND HERR DRIESBACH.

"How was he in his relation with other actors?"

"Just as he was with everybody whom he met. If they happened to please him, well and good; if not, it was uncomfortable for them if they came in contact with him. To use a slang word, he was extremely apt to 'bully' all in the theatre, from the manager down. But he once met his match. It was when he was playing at the old Broadway Theatre, near Pearl street. His pieces were followed by an exhibition of lions by their tamer, a certain Herr Driesbach. Forrest was one day saying that he had never been afraid in all his life—could not imagine the emotion. Driesbach made no remarks at the time. But in the evening, when the curtain had fallen, invited Forrest home with him. Forrest assented, and the two, entering a house, walked a long distance through many devious passages—all dark—until finally Driesbach, opening a door, said, "This way, Mr. Forrest." Forrest entered, and immediately heard the door slammed and locked behind him. He had not time to express any surprise, when he saw two fiery glaring eyeballs looking up at him. 'Are you afraid, Mr. Forrest?' asked Driesbach, invisible in the darkness. 'Not a bit.' Driesbach said something; the growl deepened and became hoarser, the back began to arch, and the eyes to shine more fiercely. Forrest held out two or three minutes, but the symptoms became so terryfying that he owned up in so many words that he was afraid. 'Now let me out, you infernal scoundrel,' he said to the lion-tamer, 'and I'll break every bone in your body.' He was imprudent there, for Driesbach kept him, not daring to move a finger, with the lion rubbing against his leg all the time, until Forrest promised not only immunity, but a champagne supper in the bargain."—[New York World.

USEFUL RECIPIES.

WEST INDIA COFFEE.—Boil three pints of rich sweet milk, and when boiling throw in a teacup full of strong Rio coffee, ground. Boil together for ten minutes, strain and serve very hot. Be sure the milk boils before the coffee is added.

BROILED PERCH.—Scale and empty the perch, and split them down the back. Lay them open upon a gridiron, and broil them over a clear fire. Dress them with butter, salt and pepper.

FRIZZLED BEEF, OR LIVER DRIED AS BEEF.—Put a piece of the size of an egg into a skillet; sliver up some beef and put in, turning all the same till done. Put the meat to one side of the skillet, and put in a little cream, milk or water, for gravy.

MUFFIN A L'AMANDE.—Melt into a quart of sweet milk a piece of butter the size of an egg. Let it cool; add flour enough to make a stiff batter, and a tea-spoon full of salt. Beat four eggs till light, add the batter, and lastly, pour in a tea-cup full of baker's yeast. Beat well together, cover and set in a warm place three hours. Bake in well buttered muffin-rings in a brisk oven.

LIGHT breakfasts are becoming fashionable. Gutta percha steaks and leather waffles are no longer considered the best early morning remedy for dyspepsia.

THE SCRIPTURES.

PRINTERS' ERRORS IN THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

The errors of the foreign editions of the Duth and Scotch Bibles are almost innumerable. In a black-letter testament of 1564, printed at either Edinburg or in Holland, a mistake may be met with in nearly every column. In England itself, a vigorous attempt to insure correctness was made by the restriction of the right of publishing Bibles to the King's printers; and no more curious proof of the perpetuity of English usages could be found than in the history of this monopoly. The house of Christopher Barker, to which patent was granted in 1577, went on steadily printing it until 1709. The right was held for sixty years by Thomas Baskett, and purchased in 1709 by Charles Eyre & Spottiswoode, "continue a succession which has been unbroken since 1805."

But the monopoly failed in securing the various editions from even ludicrous and profane blunders. In one of the earliest issues, the second folio of 611, in which the mistakes of the first were supposed to have been corrected we find: "Then cometh Judas with them unto a place called Gethsemane." A folio of 1717 has received its name of "the Vinegar Bible," from a misprint in the heading of the parable of the Vineyard. In two quartos of the present century we the told that "the blast of thy terrible ones is as a stone against the wall," and that "the dogs liked his blood." We may perhaps expect a little irony in the compositor of 1639 (he may have been an acquaintance of Milton's) who makes the heathen vex the Israelites, not with their "wiles," but with their "wives," or in the printer of 1640, who substituted "rulers in the wilderness" for "mules."

But the real mischief of such blunders lays in their tendency to perpetuation. The omission in the first folio of two important words in the fifth chapters of St. John's First Epistle is still perpetuated in our prayer-books, though it has been corrected in the text of our Bibles. "Strain at a gnat" was probably a typographical blunder in the first issues of King James' Bible for the "strain out" of the bishops' and Genevan versions; but it remains to this day. So a misprint in the First Epistle to Timothy, which originated at Cambridge abut 1629, went on uncorrected, edition after edition, till 1803. The fine of £3,000 inflicted by the Star Chamber on Baxter for his omission of the prohibitory "not" in the Seventh Commandment is a well-known instance of the fruitless efforts to obtain correctness; the fine, however, as we hear from Mr. Loftie, "dwindles, on investigation, to £300, and this again is compounded for by the presentation of a set of Greek types to one of the universities."

Nor was free trade more conducive to correctness than the monopoly. The great rebellion for a time threw open the market, but the popular editions of Field and Hill were disfigured by a greater number of blunders than had appeared before. Their defects are mercilessly exposed in a rare tract by Mr. Kelbourne, which Mr. Loftie has reprinted in the preface. Besides the greater errors, however, which we have noticed, we find an infinite number of smaller modifications going on in spelling and punctuation. During the first century which is comprised in Mr. Loftie's list, the spelling of no two editions is the same. In such a change as of "sometimes" for "some time," spelling becomes an important organ of revision. "We still," says Mr. Loftie, "have such words as 'astonied,' 'throughly,' 'pranshings,' 'sope,' although the authority by which they are retained has no more existence in reality than that by which such words as "shamefastness" or "unpossible" were altered.

THE Arlington hotel of Washington, D. C., for the third time since its opening, has undergone a complete embellishment. It was originally fitted up in grand style, with every convenience, elegance and luxury that experience, taste and judgment could desire and money accomplish. During the summer succeeding it was beautifully frescoed and renovated throughout. Within the past two months all the chambers have been covered with the new style of corrugated gold and silver paper. The House has been re-painted, re-carpeted, and a number of the rooms re-furnished. From

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